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1911

Everywoman's Road

JOSEPHINE HAMMOND.

Everywoman's Road

*A MORALITY OF
WOMAN*

Creator—Worker—Waster
Joy-Giver and Keeper of the Flame

BY

JOSEPHINE HAMMOND

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To the memory of
MY MOTHER.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

EVERYWOMAN'S ROAD is written in free-running iambics. No attempt has been made to conform to blank verse structure.

For the purposes of the Morality the Author has found it necessary to assume for the character of TRUTH the filtered wisdom of the ages: naturally she has laid herself deeply under obligations to all past philosophers.

EVERYWOMAN'S ROAD.

THE PRELUDE.

SCENE: The courtyard of the House of Truth. Seven broad marble steps curve from left to right and lead to a broad platform. The marble is yellow in tone. This platform is finished left, rear, and right, by a colonnaded terrace. Behind the marble columns, left and right, the walls of the wings of the House of Truth are seen. At the rear the River of Life flows by the terrace, and its waters, and the verdant hills by which it winds, are seen distantly between the columns. Steps go down rear left and right centre from the terrace to the unseen shore. Entrances hung with tapestry lead to the House from upper left and right terrace. On the left and right ends and in the centre of the platform are rectangular blocks of marble, each cut to hold a seated figure. The fourth step down is built out so as to form carved seats with broad arms left and right of the centre. An ancient marble sun-dial stands in the open space down stage right. There is a low marble bench left front. At either end of the stage apron is a pedestal with an urn of roses. Bay trees and great urns, heaped with flowers, give color to the scene. Steps lead from the stage to the auditorium. Exits and entrances are made rear stage left and right and through the auditorium left and right.

The orchestra is concealed behind the stage throughout the Morality.

The stage is empty when the curtain is raised.

The entire house is in darkness when the Prelude begins.

The Prelude opens with the deep notes of the organ, playing the Prologue.

The Prologue is chanted by the Voice of Cosmos, from the balcony of the auditorium. She is robed in ample folds of white.

The light grows as the chant proceeds: the rose light of dawn is over the scene when the chant is finished.

VOICE OF COSMOS.

[chants]

Darkling the Void
Darkling the Void and confused,
Monstrous the threat of Worlds in the Gloom:

High in Empyrean outflashed the Law—
Light pierced the Darkness—
Outflamed a Star!

Vibrant the Star—
Fluid the Forces, converging:
Majestically circling outswept the Suns—

Love brooded the Marvel eons untold:
Electric the Waking—
Outwinged a Soul!

Into the Light
Into the Light turned the Earth:
Dumb with the wonder Man stared at his Mate—

Seaward gleamed Gladness—Skyward glowed Hope—
Close to the Jungle Brutes
Outbloomed a Rose—
Outbloomed a Rose.

*As the light grows, the Seeker is discovered, leaning on a pedestal,
at the extreme left hand corner of the stage apron. She is robed
in rose. She nods her head slowly as the foregoing chant ends.
She chants, first in answer to the voice of Cosmos, then toward
the stage, invoking the Women Who Have Died.*

VOICE OF THE SEEKER.

This the Great Rhythm—
Light follows the Law
Love follows the Light
And Life follows Love.

[pauses, sings meditatively]

Deep falls the Shadow:
Death stalks the Life—
Profound the Enigma—
What follows Death?

Women Creators
Come forth from the Ages—
Love ye have lavished
Life ye have borne:
Ye have been vanquished
Ye have known scorn:
Still prowls the Jungle Brute
Still blooms the Rose.

EVERYWOMAN'S ROAD

A Seeker comes seeking
 The Riddle to read—
 Are Love and Life burdens?
 Are Life and Love guerdons?
 Whence pulsed the Breath?
 What follows Death?
 Moulders of Miracle
 Interpret the Law.

VOICES OF WOMEN.

[from behind]

We knew not the Law
 We knew not the Law
 Caprice was our tablet
 Enslavement our share:
 We were but children
 We knew but in part.
 Vain—vain the cravings
 Grim—grim the sorrows.

Yet joys did we glean
 And sweet cherishment
 Crowned we have been
 Barged rich on Life's tide
 Love we have garnered
 Life we have given—
 And died.

[*The key of their chant changes.*]

Let the Seeker seek Law and the Light—
 Let her enter her Kingdom of Self
 In full Sovereignty.
 Let her chalice her Love as she goes—
 Let her pass to her Pain and her Night
 In Tranquility.
 Life—Life, and not Death, is her problem—
 Law, Love, and the Light are her needs.
 Let the Light come!
 Let the Love grow!
 Let the Law be revealed!

The organ plays as the persons of the Morality, in two lines, enter by the rear steps, cross the terrace and the front stage, and pass in processional left and right through the auditorium exits, front left and right.

The processional is led by two Heralds, robed like the Fra Angelico Trumpeters, in green.

EVERYWOMAN does not appear in the Processional.

At the last THE VOICES OF WOMEN are again heard singing from the hidden shore, "Let the Seeker—"

They continue singing as the last figures of the Prelude enter.

These are THE SPIRITS OF CREATIVE WORK. THE SPIRIT OF INDUSTRIAL CREATION is in bronze draperies and carries a distaff. THE SPIRIT OF ARTISTIC CREATION is in bronze also and bears a tablet and stylus: they walk left and right of THE SPIRIT OF MOTHERHOOD, who is clothed in draperies of violet, and who walks with her hands on the shoulders of two children, a boy and a girl. The girl is five; she is gowned in soft white. The boy is three: he is dressed in a white Russian blouse suit, with socks and sandals. These figures advance down stage.

THE FLAME OF LIFE, in robes of flame color, enters left, and *TRUTH*, in gold tinged with blue, enters right, after these figures. They pass left and right, along the terrace, and stand watching the tableau.

As the singers end their song, the curtain falls upon this tableau, and the lights go out. In the darkness the Seeker leaves the stage, and the Voice of Cosmos leaves the balcony.

EVERYWOMAN'S ROAD.

THE MORALITY.

SCENE: The same. THE SPIRITS OF CREATIVE WORK are seated in the cut blocks, THE SPIRIT OF ARTISTIC CREATION right, THE SPIRIT OF INDUSTRIAL CREATION left, and THE SPIRIT OF MOTHERHOOD centre. The children are on the steps at her feet.

Enter the Heralds, left and right front auditorium. Their trumpet calls announce the Morality. They sit left and right of the stage.

Before the curtain is drawn the strains of a Slumber Song are heard. These are modulated into Fire Music as the scene opens.

The stage is dimly lighted. Jets of flame come from the hidden shore. The lights blaze up in stage and auditorium as the FLAME OF LIFE ENTERS.

Enter the FLAME OF LIFE rear left from the River, spiritedly.

FLAME OF LIFE.

[passing through auditorium, calling]

Everywoman, Everywoman
Awake—awake—
Truth cometh!
Awake from thy sleeping
The Living Flame calls
Truth cometh!

She goes out rear auditorium left, repeating the call without; She re-enters rear auditorium right, and, still calling, mounts stage. She sinks into a glowing heap at the left of the steps.

HUMAN TRUTH enters from her house entrance rear right, walking meditatively. One wrist concealed beneath her sleeve is fettered. She is conceived as speaking from a mellowed wisdom, lighted now and then with gleams of humor. She comes down and is advancing to the sun-dial when Everywoman, who has entered rear auditorium left, speaks to her. Everywoman is in lustrous black: her sleeves and gown show a lining of flame. She too wears a manacle on her left wrist. She is looking curiously about as if newly awakened. She hauls while still in the auditorium and speaks from there. Truth stands by the sun-dial, on which she leans from time to time, or around which she moves, to introduce some movement in the dialogue which follows.

EVERYWOMAN.

[curiously]

Have I been long asleep? There came
Strange crying in my ear—'Awake, awake!'
What called, and what familiar, foreign forms
Were those that flitted by me in my dreams?

TRUTH.

[gently]

Centuries and centuries, my Everywoman,
You have been sleeping.

EVERYWOMAN

[bewildered]

What do you mean?

Have I not always labored hard to turn the wheels
That go around—around—

TRUTH.

[*interrupting*]

Ah—you have helped to turn
 So many, many wheels within your caged world.
 You have wrought well in all the ages past,
 Impelled by instinct—instinct serving you for brain.
 But now the time is ripe for you to wake,
 To learn, in conscious toil, the compass and the depth
 Of that God-given mystery men call Life,
 Which *you* have played with, feared, despised, and loved.

[*whimsically*]

Dear one, you sometimes do not know your varied self.
 The many forms that just now passed you by
 Were you—you as the world has known you—
 The mother of its young, the giver of sweet joys,
 Co-bearer of great burdens—co-waster of great wealth,
 And keeper of the flame that beacons to the stars.

EVERYWOMAN.

These names stir memories—what can I learn
 Of Life more wonderful than that loved light
 That makes a Heaven of my baby's eyes?

TRUTH.

[*compassionately*]

The way to keep that Heaven inviolate.

[*pausing*]

My Everywoman, Nature burdens you
 To bear the race, but only Wisdom, bred
 From Love and Truth, can make you *fit* for Motherhood.

EVERYWOMAN.

[*moved*]

How often, in the clutch of custom, I have dreamed
This might be so. And you—you that limn
The truth so boldly yet so graciously,
What are you called?

TRUTH.

I am the Truth I speak.

EVERYWOMAN.

And you know all?

TRUTH.

No—no— I am but Human Truth—
Evolved from all the best you and your mate,
The Everyman, have lived, divinely sensed,
And blindly struggled for. Such Truth cannot
Be crystal clear: it needs must gleam prismatically
From tinge of mood and circumstance. I am
What you have sometimes been but seldom understood.

EVERYWOMAN.

[*slowly*]

Yet dimly I recall a groping—groping—through
Vicissitudes untold—toward some harmonic whole—
You seem a part of that full harmony—
You I have glimpsed, but never really known.

TRUTH.

[*quaintly*]

Alas—I have been tricked in many garbs,
Hid in vast tomes of dullness, pinched and pulled,

Denied in one aspect—to be accepted in another.
But always some clear-visioned acolyte has sought
My heart, and dressed my body, as you see, in gold.

EVERYWOMAN.

[*childishly*]

And I, no doubt, have helped to pinch and pull?

TRUTH.

[*nods grimly*]

Ay—When you wasted much and did invent pretense.

EVERYWOMAN.

[*anxiously*]

But I have worked, you said—

TRUTH.

[*nodding again*]

Since first the skin was dressed,
The fire first lighted in the cave's black gloom.

EVERYWOMAN.

[*pleadingly*]

And carrier of joy? That, too, I 've been?

TRUTH.

[*tenderly*]

Ah—what had been existence lacking you!
A toddling mite—you laughed in grave men's beards:
A girl—you trailed a rainbow through the days!
To woman grown—your hands, your eyes, your breast,
Gave sanctuary. How blank the world if you
Forgot to laugh, to dance, to bless!

EVERYWOMAN.

[*wistfully*]

I would that I might always bear these gifts of joy.
But [*shuddering*] poignant memories of anguished loneliness
Come back to stab with age-old pain.
Whence came this grey woe of the world?

TRUTH.

[*sadly*]

World-Builders sometimes quite forget to seek for Truth.
They are not always Keepers of the Living Flame.

EVERYWOMAN.

What do you mean?

TRUTH.

Not yet has all mankind
The insight and the courage to be free
From fear. The noble spirit, vibrant to
The play of forces in the infinite space,
Moves on serenely to an end itself decrees.
Your Book of Life, my Everywoman, has
Enscrolled the glories of such master souls.
With royal ease they lay their yoke aside,
They face the sun and learn life can be glorified:
They climb the hills—they feed the fires on the heights:
They come, again, to common ways and kin,
And drink the bitter-sweet of sacrifice,
But always in their eyes the vision lives,
And those who look therein forsake futilities
And lift their wearied faces to that vastness where
The stars swing through the night in rhythmic harmony.
Wherever one so lives that some transcendant light

Of Love shines through her deeds, there is the Living Flame—
 The Inspiration that shall whip Mankind
 From its deep ditch of dull brutality.

EVERYWOMAN.

[wonderingly]

And these are part of me? My eyes have mirrored Love
 From Love's immortal sphere? How much one can forget!
 I—I have been the flame—again and yet again?

TRUTH.

Yes—yes—my eager-hearted one. Into
 The little lanes of life uncounted multitudes
 Have brought their infinite shining love—and passed.
 Too often have they passed unknown—unsung.
 Some of the heart-blood they have spilled
 The poet-seers have chaliced for mankind:
 With loving care they've sculptured gem-set Grails
 And in these glorious cups of beaten gold
 The precious blood glows red, inviting you
 And yours to drink communion with eternities.

EVERYWOMAN.

[wistfully]

I would that I might see the vision constantly,
 And light the little lanes with star-rays from my love.
 I weary of the weight upon my eyes,
 I weary of these fetters that dishonor me.

[holding fettered hand out appealingly.]

TRUTH.

[nodding]

And I, too, hunger for the day when I
 May walk abroad in open squares, where young

And old shall nod to me familiarly
 And pause to listen when I speak above the crowd.
 Ah—such reverence would be sweet—sweet!
 I am so sad at heart when I must skulk with shame
 All up and down the dusty streets today.
 I, too, am weary of the torn and motley cloak
 The fools fling round me in the market-place!
 Your fetters fetter me! You hold your life and mine
 In these small hands, my Everywoman.

EVERYWOMAN.

What must I do?

TRUTH.

[*smiling a little*]

So many, many things
 In those full spacious days about to dawn.

EVERYWOMAN.

But first?

TRUTH.

[*earnestly*]

The *Vision* waits eternally.
 You need but *wish* to front the sun—the weights will drop
 When your soul wills to see. Then you shall understand
 Your needs and man's. Your race develops worth
 And joy, and peace, as you develop body, mind,
 And soul to their full, rich capacities.

EVERYWOMAN.

But even if I see aright, how can
 I grow, thus bound?

TRUTH.

You must demand of Life
The space and means through which to grow: this once achieved,
With open mind, and wide, deep sympathies,
You needs must learn realities and laws—
The universal laws. The greatest task remains—
To live ideally from day to day,
Translating into acts the best you know.

EVERYWOMAN.

[slowly]

For centuries I've heard the echo of this call.
While I was hardly yet awake, I heard
The Children crying in the mirk of barren rooms:
I heard both Men and Women muttering in despair.

[to Truth, vehemently]

You talk of visions—where is food for such as these?

TRUTH.

[very simply]

I do not know—you have not told me.

EVERYWOMAN.

[after a pause, slowly]

I understand—you mean it is a human task
To bring surcease of woe: and I and mine
Must find the ways to lift humanity to health.
Ah—Truth—I am not wise—I am not learned—

TRUTH.

[interrupting, smiling]

But you are often wise in foolishness—
What men call folly sometimes is divine,

[Everywoman shakes her head, wistfully. Truth waits sympathetically]

TRUTH.

Listen yet again to olden memories.
What deep-rung melodies resound? The world has known
God-like, ecstatic joy—remember that.

EVERYWOMAN.

[light breaking over her face]

Yes—yes— I'll not forget! I hear—I hear
The throbbing wonder of a thrush's song—
The glad, clear call of comrades on the road:
I hear the love-tones welling from a heart beloved.

[turning passionately to Truth]

Tell me—you bear the treasured wisdom from
The mysteries of immemorial days—tell me
The magic that will turn all bitterness and strife
And stagnant callousness to splendid life!

TRUTH.

[slowly, impressively]

Dear Heart—there is no sudden magic in the long
Laborious evolution of the earth and man—
And yet—all's miracle! We do not know
The deep intent of God's creative work,
But we may read the hoped-for future from the past.
The alchemy you must employ—'tis clear
The *Vision* first! And then, perhaps, a reverent love
For all created things—and then—more faith—
More faith in simple good— more sturdiness in faith—
More splendid courage in the soul to conquer fear.
More wisdom to foresee—more charity to share—

And everywhere persistent toil employed to rear,
 With scientific skill, a state so ample and so rich
 That all therein may freely breathe and laugh,
 And learn how best to work and play and love.
 The task *is* great. Is it not time you woke?
 You who might feed the world with happiness and hope
 Must part of you be wasted in the mill of greed?
 Must part of you persist in selling life
 For vanities to trim an empty day?
 Dear Victim of an Idol-loving race,
 When will you climb the open hills with me?

EVERYWOMAN.

[*with animation*]

Help me to know myself. I am awake!
 I seek the Truth of Life!

An awakening Song is heard from behind. Everywoman advances to stage, first boldly, then more slowly. Truth crosses to meet her with outstretched hands. Everywoman stands on the steps hesitantly.

TRUTH.

Come here and sit beside me where
 THE SPIRITS OF CREATIVE LIFE are throned.

[*quaintly*]

Nay, do not shrink away. E'en closely scanned
 The Truth is very beautiful!

EVERYWOMAN.

[*still drawing back*]

It is so strange to be thus close to Truth.
 I grow afraid of what you shall unfold:
 The future days—

TRUTH.

[interrupting]

Are yours to spoil or crown.

Be brave of heart—learn patiently, and let
Me see you smile as you do learn. To muse
With mannered sadness on your ills is wrong.
The world's woe lies too deep for tears to freshen it:
It needs a singing stimulant to rouse it to rebel.

[voice of Pippa is heard from behind]

Hark. *[they listen, Truth with her hand on Everywoman's arm]*

PIPPA.

[singing behind]

“The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn
Morning's at seven:
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!”

TRUTH.

That's Pippa, Keeper of the Living Flame.

[smiling]

The muddiest pool throws back the sunshine when she sings.

[the voice is distantly heard as they move to C.]

Truth stands beside chair L., on which she sometimes leans. This position brings her a little behind Everywoman, who sits thinking.

EVERYWOMAN.

But all

Is *not* right with the world. And knowing that
How can I hope, although I am awake
And eager for the Truth?

TRUTH

[with grave beauty]

Dear Child, so far

As we may know, God's Universe is right.

This wondrous House of Man holds food and force

And inspiration for your mate and you.

It is supremely beautiful. Ah—Everywoman,

When weights drop from your eyes, go stand upon

A mountain top some blossomy morn in spring, and watch,

In hushed responsiveness, the birth of day.

Then, like a homing bird, my voice shall sing to you—

'Naught's ill, all's good, and clean, and sweet, and beautiful,

Where life is lived in harmony with Nature's laws.'

Where God is immanent, Creation must be right.

[with sudden force]

The wrong's in you and in the Everyman.

Brute passion, ignorance, and selfishness

War in you with your soul's great heritage;

Your lust for self robs Nature of her health,

And wastes the sustenance of humankind.

Waste—waste—there's world-wide waste—a waste of life,

Of living power and of living needs,

And where there's waste there's wrong!

EVERYWOMAN.

[musingly]

Two natures of

One body in locked strife—the one which wastes

And that which does upbuild—

TRUTH.

[nodding]

The greatest drama of the world—

This conflict of the noble and ignoble in mankind.

EVERYWOMAN.

[thinking deeply]

Was I not taught to shun all knowledge of the wrong?

TRUTH.

So falsely taught! How can you choose—asleep?

EVERYWOMAN.

Then all who live must choose between these two?

TRUTH.

Your life is made from what you do elect.

EVERYWOMAN.

But I have been a victim of fell circumstance,
Blinded—bound—misled—I could not choose.

TRUTH.

Myriads have stumbled in their chains,
And yet the myriads could choose in part.
As you grow conscious of the age-old laws
Of Growth and Change, the better will you understand
This obligation laid upon your soul.

EVERYWOMAN.

[wistfully]

Why may I not just grow as grasses do?

TRUTH.

[smiling a little]

Your living is a blank unless you seek
Divinities in transitory days.
One moment's exultation of the soul
Outvies long cycles of insensate years.

EVERYWOMAN.

[*eagerly*]

There can be zest of living then, despite the pain?

TRUTH.

The ecstasy of life lies close to numbing pain.
But out of pain a keener sense is born—
A higher joy—and ever out of struggle 'twixt
The joy and pain new life evolves. This life,
God's gift, is what you choose to make it, Child.

EVERYWOMAN.

Teach me, Great Sybil, how to choose aright.

TRUTH.

I'll mirror you as you have been and are,
Diverse—opposed—the Worker and the Waster,
The Giver of Much Joy, The Keeper of the Flame.
Scan well the shadowed show. So may you learn
What you must seek when you go forth from here
Into the teeming land that needs the best of you.

EVERYWOMAN.

[*simply*]

Dear Wise One, I will mark the show.

TRUTH.

[*crossing to sun-dial*]

The workers first. [*stirring the Flame of Life*].
Go, Leaping One, and animate.
The Women Burden-Bearers of the world.

[*Flame of Life goes off L. auditorium. Lights dim as she exits.*
Truth turns to Everywoman]

Since those dim cycles far behind recorded time
 The woman's hand and back and body have been made
 To bear a goodly brunt. [*grimly tender*]. So patient you
 Have been—so toilsome—and so unintelligent
 In toil—so bound to fossiled lines—so selfishly
 Unselfish—and so good—so good! O you
 Divinely foolish and heroic Mother of the World—
 See what you have: the world kneels down before your shrine,
 Then quietly goes out and sells you into chains
 To feed its pampered and most bestial appetites.

EVERYWOMAN.

[*stirred*]

The truth of what you mean beats in me—I begin
 To see—to know—myself—but tell me, Truth,
 Is work not good? Is woman's bearing never sweet?

TRUTH.

[*gravely*]

Fit labor and sweet bearing are among
 The choicest gifts God ever gave to you.

[*as Everywoman is about to speak, looking off auditorium L.*]

Hush—the firstlings of the race appear—
 She who wove the mat—who ground the corn—
 And she who bore the pack.

Truth crosses to L. and sits again.

The organ plays a slow dragging march.

The lights brighten as the Flame of Life re-enters rear auditorium left, followed by the groups of Workers severally. The Flame of Life stands apart near the Herald. The Workers advance slowly to the stage, bend their heads to Everywoman and Truth, then cross the stage before the two and pass down steps right and go off through auditorium to rear exit.

Truth watches as if accustomed to the show. Everywoman looks eagerly upon it. The organ plays on as the train passes slowly and heavily.

In the train are primitive care women; Indian women; women of the rice fields of China; an Egyptian slave; Hebraic water carriers; a Greek spinner; Teutonic women; Turkish women; an Algerian women; Italian fagot-gatherers; French peasants of the mediaeval time returning from the fields; sisters of charity of the mediaeval times; a Lady of the castle with her daughter, page, and maids; a Dutch laundress; Breton fishwives; a Swedish knitter; New England housewives of the Colonial period; a Colonial Dame with her child toddling by her; American pioneer women; English factory women; a forlorn shirt maker; a negro slave girl of the 50's; cotton mill children of the South; German house-wife with young child; group of modern women; a telephone girl; a nurse; a business woman; a woman in cap and gown; an illustrator in painter's apron; a teacher with children about her; last, an old Lady. The women carry the jugs, baskets, and so forth, characteristic of their occupations; The old lady that comes last is dressed after Whistler's portrait of his mother.

Everywoman rises instinctively as this Avatar of herself passes. The Old Lady pauses in front of the glowing Spirit of Motherhood. The latter leans down and whispers to the Small Girl, who rises briskly, takes the Grandmother's hand and leads her carefully down the steps. The Grandmother fumbles in the bag she wears, finds a sweetmeat which she gives to the Small Girl who is pirouetting. The Old Lady passes and the Small Girl runs back to centre. Everywoman has remained standing, grasping the back of the chair and looking off after the line. As the last notes of the organ sound, Truth, also looking off R., speaks musingly

TRUTH.

They are the burden bearers,
They are the doers of deeds,
They are the trouble sharers
In the Kindgom of Little Needs.

EVERYWOMAN.

[with tense emotion]

I understand. I now recall so well
How many, many times I've worked and watched
And waited—waited—waited—

TRUTH.

[pityingly]

Yes—yes—Dear Heart—I know—that Jungle Brute
Still makes you bleed:

[looking at her keenly.]

You must stir high the flame
To keep the Craven far away from you.

EVERYWOMAN.

[breathing quickly]

I will—I will—only teach me what to do—

TRUTH.

[still looking keenly at Everywoman]

Remember— you have somtimes cast your yoke aside,
And lost your fear, and climbed the heights, where you have drunk
An Age's distillation of the Wine of Life!
Do you remember—yes? And then—and then—
You drained your own heart's blood to fill the cup again—
The glow of it flames now—north—south, and east and west—

Flames high and lightens those unsightly slums
Where Children toddle in the dirt and die.

EVERYWOMAN.

[shivering]

I have watched them die—

TRUTH.

[rapidly]

Ah—Everywoman,

You have a labor greater than the sum
Of all the work wrought by the workers that have passed.
To work is much, but to inflame a world
Of smugness, pettiness, and greed—to draw it up
To live in decency and charity and truth—
That is a labor for a queenly soul!

EVERYWOMAN.

[deeply moved, speaks quickly]

A task for kingly and for queenly souls.
The truth you make me taste is bitter-sweet indeed.
Show me the Women that have dared to live
Transcendantly in this grim strife of light and lust.

TRUTH.

[more quietly]

Their histories are locked within their hearts.

[very quietly]

I do not doubt God knows them—and all's well.

[pauses]

At times some God-like divination in
A poet-seer has found their heart's key and unlocked
Their mysteries. Dear Child, you can not vitalize

The fallow wonders in your soul till you
 Have visioned your full-statured, noblest self
 In these Transcendent Ones.

[as if she saw them passing in a noble train]

How beautiful they are
 As they pass onward, and they are so real—so real—
 The glorious and rounded bodiment of all
 Who have so greatly lived and passed—*unsung*.

EVERYWOMAN.

Show them to me—I wish to know my highest self.

TRUTH.

It takes the Art that's sister to the Truth
 To bring these figures forth *[to Flame of Life]* Thou Flaming One,
 Call from the mountain tops that Art that seeks
 Immortally to emulate its God.

FLAME OF LIFE.

[rising and calling off rear stage]
 Spirit of Beauty—
 Nourisher of Divinity—
 Great Art, come forth.

[The strings play softly and then sweepingly as, after a pause, the Spirit of Art, clothed in soft dark green, chapleted and carrying a cluster of waterlilies, comes slowly from stage C. and down the platform steps L. to stage. Truth and Everywoman watch her coming.]

ART.

[simply]

You called, Great Truth? How can I serve your need?

TRUTH.

This Learner, Everywoman, would behold
The noblest Women of the World.

ART.

Has she
The grace to see?

TRUTH.

It has grown in her since she woke.

ART.

[to Everywoman]

Cleanse from your heart all envy, falseness, and all shame.
Look up—look up—the Keepers of the Flame are passing by.

*[The lights go suddenly out: flames play from behind the Mother.
A red light shines on the figures that enter singly right auditorium
front, pass in front of Everywoman, incline their heads, and pass
slowly off left front auditorium. The organ plays as the figures
cross.]*

ART.

Once lived a maid who honored honor in such wise
That she gave up her sweet young life to keep
The sacred vow her father made—that day
He overthrew his foe. Jephthah's daughter—come,
Come as you came to greet the king—elate—
Pass as you passed from life, undaunted, brave,
Self-sacrificed to thy clear-burning Flame of Love.

[Jephthah's Daughter passes over]

ART.

And once there lived a maid so filial in love
She wandered where her mother led, and gleaned

In stranger fields—although her eyes yearned aching
 To see again the lift of hills about her home.
 Ruth—nourisher of constancy—pass by.

[Ruth with her sheaves passes over]

ART.

This august line brings close to us the grim
 And tragic mysteries the woman soul has lived
 When swept with fires of transcendent Love:
 Come, come, Antigone, who for a brother's sake,
 Upbore thy haughty will to bury him,
 Until the shameful noose cut off thy life magnificent.

[Antigone passes over]

ART.

And come, thou Sweet Alcestis, from the same
 Blue-spanned and God inspired Grecian World;
 Alcestis with the sunny locks Admetus loved so well—
 You died that he might live eternally—
 Pure-hearted wife—the Flame burns higher as you pass.

[Alcestis passes over]

ART

Great mothers make great sons, the poets say—
 Pass by—Cornelia—Rome revered thee
 Because you held your sons more precious than your gems.

[Cornelia with her two young sons passes over]

ART.

And there was one who loved her Race so well
 She fought in mortal combat with its foe—
 Boadicea—valiant in arm and heart—pass by.

[Boadicea passes over]

ART.

Brunhild! and will you for a moment leave
That sphere of Deathless Love you won so gloriously—
When out of pain you soared with Siegfried past
The Morning Star to your Eternity?

[Brunhild passes over]

ART.

The Love of Woman spends itself in divers ways
So often it has run in crystal streams back to its Source.
Sometimes the Jungle Brute has tasted of its purity.
And followed it and won to Manhood by its side:
In every age great hearts have bled to keep a faith—
One passes now—St. Agnes—martyred Child
So young—so pure of soul—so strong in faith.

[St. Agnes passes over]

ART.

Another Maid there lived, young, pure, and strong,
Whose saintly passion for her State achieved
A miracle: She left a sheltered peace
To lead her France to victory: her blood has dyed
The field where grow the lillies she so loved.
Pass by, Jeanne D'Arc, the lilies are the whitest where you bled.

[Jeanne D'Arc passes over]

ART.

And thou, most human and most lovely Beatrice,
Pass by: Thy Master dowered thee with wit,
A wholesome wit: he crowned thee with thy loyalty
To womanhood. An outraged woman was thy friend
And you did love her more than you loved Self
In that great moment when you trumpeted belief

Across the sodden field of circumstantial doubt.
 Pass on—Reality can learn from thee.

[Beatrice passes over]

ART.

Dear Learner—seek these Women when the Flame burns low—
 Myself and what is mine are dedicate to thee.
 And chief—the woman-child I summon now—
 The loveliest flower ever reared from common soil—
 Pompilia, pass by—a woman bartered thee,
 A fiend oppressed thee—but thy soul swung free.
 Thou dared defy thy world to shield the Living Flame—
 O Peerless rose of womanhood—pass by!

[Pompelia passes over]

*The organ notes end in triumphant chords and the lights go out.
 Art crosses to right terrace where she sits in meditation.*

The lights come up slowly.

EVERYWOMAN.

[moved, conscious of her kinship with these passing ones]

How inextinguishable the spirit-life
 Of such rare souls—how warm their pulsing blood!
 Ah, Truth, how wise you were—one needs but see
 Such bravery of womanhood and quick
 Desire for the best in dream and deed awakes.

TRUTH.

[nodding]

The air is vibrant yet with haunting melodies
 Swept from their hearts strings; melodies of love
 That other hearts must hear or atrophy to death.

EVERYWOMAN.

[*mystically*]

I seem to see them moving in effulgent light—
How honey-sweet the air is they have stirred—
And they passed so serenely—yet they bore,
So Art did say, the grievous pain of martyrdom—
Where got they that sure splendor of the soul?

TRUTH.

They *lived* integrities and so were strong.
They built imperishable ideals which have
Outlasted monument and state and men's decrees.
Lovers all—they spent their largesse lavishly,
And it flowed back to make them richer than before:
They did not waste—they spent—they did not waste!

EVERYWOMAN.

This waste you do rebuke in me e'en while
You shrine my highest self so lovesomely,
This waste destroys not only harmonies of life
But wrecks the waster, too?

TRUTH.

[*nodding*]

Till Everywoman
And her mate do learn how best to serve
Themselves, Society will be enchained,
And you, my Child, will stay the stunted thing you are.

EVERYWOMAN.

Show me more plainly what you mean: if I
Must choose my Way of Life, I must know all I am.

TRUTH.

[*to Flame of Life*]

Thou Quickener of Breath, go out into the streets
 And bring us any Women Wasters you may find.
 And if, perchance, you come upon a Wasted One
 Bring her in, too.

[*Flame of Life exists Right auditorium rear.*]

It would be wearisome
 To body forth the Wasters and the Wasted of the Past:
 Innumerable as motes in shafts of light they are.
 For centuries Society has fed its Life
 From toil of slaves in fields, or home, or shop:
 For centuries Society has waged its Wars
 With no more reverence for its Human Stock
 Than you have for a bruised and broken weed.
 For centuries the binding coils of caste
 Have dwarfed your growth—nor have we yet outgrown
 This sacrilegious desecration of the God in Man.
 For centuries the Rich have wasted wealth,
 The Poor have wasted time, the Ignorant
 Have wasted the achievements of the Wise. Ah—Everywoman—
 You of all God's creatures—have been wasted most!
 And will *you* now, with hooded soul, make Waste your aim?
 I grow prolix—here comes a bit of life
 More potent in effect than all my words.

[*Enter Flame of Life rear auditorium right, followed by a forlorn girl waif, staggering under a heavy bundle of basted sweat-shop clothing. The Flame of Life pauses at the foot of the steps leading to the stage and speaks to Truth.*]

FLAME OF LIFE.

Here passeth one
 The Wasted One

Whose life has been
A blank—a blank
Of all save pain.

The Flame of Life stands aside to allow the child to pass. The child limps across the stage and sits wearily on the stone seat; here she gnaws, with a famished wolfishness, a crust of bread which she takes from her blouse. It gives small comfort. She sinks dejectedly back on the bench.

The music becomes expressive of weariness and cynicism. Enter rear auditorium right two extravagantly dressed women of the period: they are nonchalant and very much bored. The Flame of Life speaks again to Truth.

FLAME OF LIFE.

Great Truth
My flame
Burns feebly
In these two—
They eat dead fruits
By Dead—Dead Seas
And waste—and waste—

Everywoman scans the two as they approach and looks with puzzled interest from them to the waif. The two women mount the stage and pause by the sun-dial. One yawns; the other examines a small silver tablet. The Flame of Life sits on the stage steps with head bowed.

They trail off left. The child looks up, rises, and plucks the skirt of the second Woman, and then holds out her hands imploringly.

The women draw back from the child and pass off left front auditorium exit without heeding her. Everywoman with struggling

emotion watches the scene. The child looks wistfully around, her lip quivers, and she sobs convulsively. Everywoman instinctively reaches out her arms. The Mother-Spirit leans to the Small Boy and whispers to him: he rises and goes to the waif, pats her face, takes her hand forcefully and draws her back to the centre. When she turns in slow astonishment, she finds the Mother's hand outstretched. The Small Girl looks at the Mother with sudden question; and the Mother nods; the Small Girl rises and stands on tip-toe to get a small basket on the pedestal. With care she lifts off the napkin and takes out a large slice of bread, butter and sugar. This she hands to the waif, as the latter comes tremblingly to the steps. The waif sits in wondering happiness between the Small Boy and Small Girl who smile at her, and at last she bites greedily into the slice. Everywoman's eyes are wet. She tries to conceal her emotion. Truth watches her tenderly. Truth leans forward and is about to speak.]

TRUTH.

Child—

EVERYWOMAN.

[quickly]

No—No—don't speak to me—I had not
Remembered I was ever cruel to the little ones—

TRUTH.

[her eyes flashing although she speaks quietly]

But Truth must speak! These gifts of God have Godly rights—
You cannot rob them with impunity.

[Everywoman cowers in her chair. Truth goes on feelingly.]

Dear Child—believe the Truth I tell to you:
I learned it from the wisest souls in which God's love
Has lain—learned it here, *[gesturing to the sun-dial]*
Through long elapse of years.

Until Mankind grows reverent of its own Divinity
 Sublime Creative Forces will be bonded to Caprice
 And unloved Youth will suffer and will sin,
 Unconscious of the beatings of the Spirit's wings.
 Life grows to God through slow development
 Of God in Man. So only love akin to God's
 Should dare create a Child, and only Love should nurture it.

EVERYWOMAN.

[raising her head]

You told me I must choose. My Way is clear.
 The pain of all the strange unkindliness
 That children, rich and poor, endure, assails me;
 I know I must seek endlessly to build
 A Home girt round with Law—transfused with love.

[starting suddenly and turning to Truth]

Can this be answer to the Quest—leads all Caprice
 To Death, but Love, fulfilled, to Life and yet more Life?

TRUTH.

[watching her closely]

I do not know. But, whatever is the goal,
 Here is the child. *[gesturing toward the waif]*

EVERYWOMAN.

[alert]

Yes—Yes—I'll not forget.

[shaking her head]

The merest sun-ray makes them all aquiver with delight.

TRUTH.

[smiling]

Their stream of joy is never deep, and yet
 No parching drought brought by the wasting years

[with great enjoyment]

EVERYWOMAN.

But Pan could pipe the little ones away.

[shaking her head]

[Pan is heard piping without]

[*Truth listens*]

[*The Voice of the Faun-Spirit is heard singing without the auditorium front right:—she enters the doorway, repeating the song. Then she*

turns and goes out and the song is heard distantly. She re-enters rear left, passes up the aisle, singing, and exits front left.]

THE VOICE OF THE FAUN SPIRIT.

*The fire-flies are glinting
O'er meadow, marsh, and hollow—
Follow—Follow—
Only those whose hearts are young
Sense the song that Pan has sung—
Follow fire—follow flame—
Make of life a magic game
Fancy calls to those that tire
Follow flame and follow fire—
Follow—Follow—
There's shelter in the forest
For those that shrink from sorrow.
Follow—Follow—
Follow—Follow—Follow—*

The last note merges into the call on the pipes of the Faun-Spirit. Enter the Faun-Spirit rear auditorium left, playing the pipes. He leaps to the stage and dances in happy abandon. Presently, growing weary of dancing alone, he pipes to the Happy Ones to come to play with him.

Enter rear auditorium left the following groups, dancing, frolicking. The Faun-Spirit is sometimes the centre of the group that swings about him; sometimes he looks on at the merry rout with keen enjoyment.

The scene is in sunlight.

Enter five small maidens in the pink and yellow and green of spring, with flowers: they skip to the stage, make merry with the Faun-Spirit, dance about him, and pelt him with the flowers. He dextrously dances away from them and laughingly throws the flowers at the children and drives them off right stage: they exit dancing and laughing through right auditorium.

The Faun-Spirit calls again.

Enter two Greek maidens, dancing. They carry garlands for the altar.

Enter quickly two Greek girls playing hand-ball. They play with great merriment, dodging about the Faun-Spirit and running quickly off. The Faun-Spirit calls again.

Enter more sedately, six Japanese children, who play a game and move quaintly off.

The Faun-Spirit calls again.

A small Dutch girl appears followed by her dog. She is making him beg, when eight of her friends come in. They are dressed in delft blue and white. They form a circle, dance with zest, and then the First Child runs off with her dog, followed by the rest.

The Faun-Spirit calls again.

Enter single gypsy. She dances across the stage.

The Faun-Spirit calls again.

Six Esquimaux children enter and play a game.

The Faun-Spirit calls again.

Enter twelve pickaninnies who dance a folk dance singing as they dance. The Faun-Spirit looks on with huge enjoyment. They go off right.

The Faun-Spirit calls again.

Enter six children who dance and sing the age-old ditty—"London Bridge is Falling Down"—they scamper off as the notes played by a street violinist are heard from behind.

The Faun-Spirit calls again.

Enter a young girl with a basket of flowers. Pan pursues her, slips, sits in discomfort. She dances as if life were sweet to her.

The Faun-Spirit calls again.

A Child of the Streets enters and dances in joyful abandon to the music of the violin. The Faun-Spirit lies on the bench watching her. As she dances off the lights fade slowly into twilight.

The Faun-Spirit calls.

Enter the Spirit of Happiness, who dances as the epitome of natural happiness.

Enter skipping, six Elves in brown and green. They gather round the Faun-Spirit in the bench, pinch and pull him—skip gayly off and return to tug him off the seat. He suddenly jumps up, eludes them, and runs piping away, followed by the Elves.

The children on the centre steps have watched the show with keen interest. They start as the Elves run off. Hand in hand they too skip after the alluring piping. Around they skip, the Waif pulled eagerly by the Small Boy and Small Girl. They near the stage steps. Then, from behind the Spirit of Motherhood the Voice of the Mother is heard, singing a Lullaby. Her white draperies are dimly seen. The children listen, turn back and steal softly to their places by the Mother's knee. The Lullaby dies away. The Spirit of Dreams drifts in and dances softly about the children. She winds herself in her rainbow scarf; slowly she sinks beside the steps and the lights go out.

The lights come up slowly. Everywoman, with a new sweet dignity of bearing, moves slowly to the sun-dial. Truth follows her.

EVERYWOMAN.

[nodding without turning around, and smiling]

I do believe I know what you would say—
We wander far afield in search of Paradise
When we might build its Door-step in a home.

TRUTH.

[smiling too]

Yet, if you never wandered, never dreamed,
Never sought fulfillment, never failed,
You would mistake the dullness of well-fed content
For that Divine Existence where the soul
Grows ever, through extremities of pain and joy,
Toward some perfected State no mind has compassed yet.

EVERYWOMAN.

The Individual, then, must be my chiefest care?

TRUTH.

Who else? The Home and State must feed the single soul
That it, in turn, may build more noble homes and states
To breed more splendid souls. You see, Dear Heart,
The world is growing richer every year
In clean and God-inspired lives that win
Some share of happiness. You are one-half that world,
And you must share the privilege of fostering,
In Home and State, the agencies, whereby,
With steadily decreasing crucifixions,
The God in Everyman and Woman may
Ascend to spheres of rhythmic harmonies.

EVERYWOMAN

[rapt]

It is a dream—majestic—beautiful—

But—I have no means to make it real.

TRUTH.

[simply]

You have all God endowed you with—when He evolved
You from His Love and you possess all you and man
Imperishably have built since life began.

EVERYWOMAN.

What are these doweries?

TRUTH.

Attend them well.

They do await to help you in your Quest.

[Everywoman looks around expectantly. Truth turns quickly to Flame of Life.]

TRUTH.

Flame—Flame!

[Flame leaps up.]

Call forth my Everywoman's heritage.

[Everywoman turns to face the oncoming figures, standing with her back to the sun-dial. Truth faces her, leaning on chair left.]

FLAME.

[chanting]

[calls off rear stage left]

Spirit of the Earth
Fostering Mother of Man,

Come forth—Come forth—
 And come thou too,
 Spirit of Society
 Engender of rich
 Companionship.

Music. Enter the Spirit of Nature, rear stage left, and the Spirit of Society rear stage right. The Spirit of Nature is in ample draperies of russet and green and carries a great red rose. The Spirit of Society is in old rose draperies and carries a ring of gold. They advance down stage and pause on the steps while Truth speaks.

TRUTH.

These two have treasures manifold for you:
 Lean to the breast of Nature—rhythmic ebb and flow—
 Of life-tides in her Heart will lull you to serenity—
 And forces pulsing from Infinity will wake
 Intenser life. Moreover, in the zest and bond
 Of human comradeship, you may amass
 Those noble recompenses minted ever where
 Earth's children labor, love, and laugh together.

[gesturing to figures]

Society shall bind you with a golden ring
 To humankind, and Nature, with a rose,
 Shall hint the beauty of her mysteries.

Soft airs are played again. The two figures cross to Everywoman: The Spirit of Society slips the ring on Everywoman's finger, and the Spirit of Nature fastens the rose in the bosom of her gown. Nature then crosses to left and stands at the left of the pedestal: Society crosses to right and stands right of pedestal.

EVERYWOMAN.

[turning about and lifting her head]

Treasured memories awake—but now I realize
 As I have never realized before, that I
 Am *one* with Nature—one with all the teeming life
 Out in the streets—and *one*

[turning quickly half about to C. and gesturing to waif]

With this dumb, helpless waif!

[she pauses and turns to face rear of stage again]

What more—what more, my Sage?

TRUTH.

[to Flame of Life]

Flame, call again.

FLAME.

[chanting, calls off rear stage]

Spirit of Body

Wonder Flame

Come forth

And bring with thee

Thy bounteous gifts

Beauty and Good Health.

Music. The Spirit of the Body in draperies of peach-blow pink, attended by Beauty, and Good-Health, in tones of the same color, enter from the House of Truth rear left entrance, cross, come down steps right, and pause facing Truth and Everywoman.

TRUTH.

This casket, priceless gift to you, contains
 The vital life. Be heedful of your care of it.
 It must be strong to bear, so nourish it
 With air and sun and food and exercise.
 Make it a thing of grace and loveliness.

And let it know the sweets of cherishment.
 Despise it never, nor exalt it out
 Of balance with the rounded Scheme of Things.
 And do not hold it lightly, Dear—Death lies that way.

EVERYWOMAN.

I understand.

TRUTH.

[to the groups]

Pass on.

[The three bow to Truth and Everywoman and cross to the left where they range themselves near the Spirit of Industrial Creation.]

FLAME OF LIFE.

[chanting]

Spirit of the Heart
 That throbs in ecstasy
 Or bleeds with pain
 Come forth—come forth—
 And bring with thee
 Thy radiant
 Pain and Joy.

[Music. Enter as before The Spirit of the Heart with Joy and Pain. The Spirit of the Heart is in crimson: Joy in gold with cape of crimson: Pain in palest silver with cape of crimson. They pause before Truth and Everywoman].

TRUTH.

[quietly]

Words are not needed to expound this rich bequest
 To you. Your heart has lived—lived regally—

[*smiling*]

It holds deep mysteries, hid e'en from me.
List ever as you go to its sure counselling:
Unless the Heart is vibrant to the human calls
Nor you nor yours shall live abundantly,
So learn to love immeasurably—Life lies that way.

EVERYWOMAN.

I understand—I understand.

TRUTH.

[*to group*]

Pass on.

[*They lay their hands on Everywoman's bent head, cross to left and range themselves between the First Group and the Central Figure.*]

FLAME OF LIFE.

[*chanting*]

Spirit of the Mind
Light of the World
Come forth—come forth—
And bring with thee
The Wit that makes Truth shine,
The Will that makes Truth strong!

Music. Enter as before The Spirit of the Mind, in steel blue, accompanied by wit in blue shot with flame, and Will in blue shot with bronze. They pause before Truth and Everywoman.

TRUTH.

More brain—more brain the woman needs—to comprehend
True values where the shifting calcium lights
Of sham Opinion Play. You need the Will

To strengthen you to stand serene amid
 The Fantasies and Frauds. You need the Wit
 To build the Cosmic whole from Parts incongruous:
 So labor hard to open windows in your mind
 Through which the Light of the Divine Intelligence
 May gleam—but never deem mere knowledge All in All.

EVERYWOMAN.

Again I understand.

TRUTH.

[to group]

Pass on.

[They lay their hands on Everywoman, cross to right front and range themselves near the Spirit of Artistic Creation.]

FLAME OF LIFE.

[chanting]

Spirit of the Hand
 That toils and soothes
 Come forth—come forth—
 And bring with thee
 Thy Skill and Solace.

Music. Enter as before the Spirit of the Hand in bronze, Skill in bronze shot with blue, and Solace in bronze with shadings of violet.

TRUTH.

Here is a marvel for your dowery. [smiling grimly]
 And you have sometimes scorned it, unaware
 Of its high lineage. Ah, Child, accept this gift
 In reverence. If trained in skillful ways

And married to your mind and heart, your hands
Can execute enduring artistries, and soothe,
If bred to serve, a restless world to rest.

EVERYWOMAN.

I shall remember, Truth.

The group remains where it is standing, and Everywoman crosses to The Spirit of the Hand, lifts the latter's right hand to her forehead and returns to the sun-dial.

FLAME OF LIFE.

[*chanting very reverently*]

Spirit of the Spirit
Source of all Life
Container of All
Wilt thou approach—

Music. Enter as before, the Spirit of the Spirit who is robed in white overlaid with silver. She is veiled, and carries an antique silver lamp lit with a pure-burning flame. She crosses to C. and stands on the terrace behind the Spirit of Motherhood.

TRUTH.

[*slowly, rapt in contemplation*]

Elusive Mystery—with Voice now soft
As those faint harp-tones stirring in the pines,
Now clarion as summons trumpeted from crags,
Undying Emanation of a Force
We cannot comprehend,—through what vast reaches of
This finite world you yet must toil with man
Until the God in man stands free!
[*turning to Everywoman*] Ah, Child, Child
Watch for the pure, keen lightnings of the Spirit Flame:

Illumed and glorious vistas shall be opened forth—
 Pulsations of the Over-Heart shall bring you vivifying joy—
 Entranced to Oneness with your God, your soul shall yearn
 To be drawn back into the shelter of His Peace and Light.

[with sudden sweeping gesture to the gleaming groups]

Your Road leads up and up—through Nature—Art—
 Society—through Body, Mind, and Heart and Hand

[gesturing to the Spirit]

To this great Grail, container of them all:

[shaking her head]

The Road is rough; the Road is very steep—
 But—the Adventure is Divinely Fair:

*Everywoman, rapt, crosses slowly to C. where she stands with head
 bent before the flame the Spirit carries. She turns slowly about.*

*There is a new decision in her manner, a new light in her eyes.
 Her head is upthrown. Truth and the Spirits watch her tenderly.*

The Flame of Life goes quietly off rear stage left.

EVERYWOMAN.

[flinging her arms wide exultantly]

And these are mine—mine! I may keep step
 With Everyman, my mate, and glory in
 My work and his, and know past all dispute
 Our Road is one and not diverse? I have
 An equal heritage of goal with him?
 I may possess my body, mind, and soul,
 And yet may freely give, and give, and give
 To feed the ever-burning flame—the Life of Worlds?

[Truth nods affirmingly]

EVERYWOMAN.

[continuing with a sudden sweet humility]

God grant I may be strong to choose the best—the best—

[stretching out her hands to Truth who crosses to her]

Ah—Truth, I am indeed awake and eager for the Road.
A Road no longer circumscribed for me.
Thanks to the glorious truth revealed by you,
My eyes have clearer vision, and my soul more hope—
Horizons melt and merge to spheres illimitable—

[pausing]

'Tis passing strange I am not awed to inactivity—
But ever in my ears the children call—
My heavy burdens fret my back—my parasitic past
Assails me with its uselessness—Thank God
That you have made me see its uselessness—
Never fear for me—You've made God's Light
To shine within me—courage floods my soul—
I go with open arms to clasp humanities—
Joy—Pain—and Work and Love—for now I know
That Woman is a Queen among her Kin
When she fills up her life with Work and Love.

TRUTH.

[nodding gravely]

Work everywhere—in Home and State—and everywhere
The rich and tender love of comrades on the Roads:

[pausing, then with gathered force]

Everywhere the great determinating Choice
And everywhere the gallant facing of extremest odds—

[suddenly tender, as if conscious of the Woman's fraility]

Yes—yes—these make for Happiness—and Happiness
Is just untutored Prayer to God, my Child.

EVERYWOMAN.

[again looking intently at her gleaming heritage and nodding]

A noble fighting for a noble peace.

FLAME OF LIFE.

[chanting from rear auditorium left]

Everywoman—Everywoman
 Come forth—Come forth—
 The Living Flame
 Hath need of thee—
 Need of thee—
 Everywoman, Everywoman,
 Come forth.

EVERYWOMAN.

[to Truth]

I go—and I am rich in knowledge and in hope—
 God grant I may not fail too sadly on the Road.

*The organ has been playing softly and now, as if in answer to
 Everywoman's words, the Voices of the Women break forth in
 triumphant chords. The Flame of Life comes to the stage steps.*

VOICES OF THE WOMEN FROM THE UN-
 SEEN SHORE.

BRAVELY FARE FORTH
 LIFE CALLS TO THEE:
 STRONG MUST THOU LABOR
 SURE OF THY DESTINY
 WOMEN TRIUMPHANT
 CROWNED SHALT THOU BE!
 EARTH'S MIGHTY FORCES
 VIBRATE WITHIN THEE
 STAR-FIRES BEACON
 TRUTH SETS THEE FREE!

ENTER THY MYSTERIES
 HOLILY—HOLILY:

DEEP IN THY SPIRIT
 DWELLS THE DIVINITY:
 DIVINE IS THE MIRACLE
 REBORN ETERNALLY—
 LIVE HOLDETH LOVE—
 LOVE GIVETH LIFE
 LOVE GIVETH LIFE
 IMMORTALITY—IMMORTALITY!

During the Chant, Everywoman stands with head upraised, listening: Truth stands apart, brooding over her. The Spirit of Nature, followed by the Spirits of the Body and Heart and the Spirit of the Spirit, goes stately from the stage left and out through left auditorium aisle. In like manner the Spirit of Society, followed by the Spirits of the Mind and Hand and the Spirit of Art go out through right auditorium aisle. At the last, the groups pause waiting for Everywoman. The Flame of Life stands at the foot of the left auditorium steps. Still listening, Everywoman crosses to left steps, and descends two steps, where she stands, her face aglow with the feeling stirred by the Chant. When the last Chords die away, she turns to Truth, who is watching her with a beautiful steadfast serenity.

EVERYWOMAN.

[to Truth with great passion and great dignity]

Your Everywoman goes to make Truth manifest
 In all the little lanes: she goes to win her world
 To harmony through Law and Light, and Love.

The triumphant chorus swells forth again. Truth raises her left arm high in blessing; Everywoman turns, the Flame of Life throws her arms about her shoulders, and the Processional moves away. As the figures exit, the Heralds pass out left and right, the lights go out, and the curtain falls.

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